

Fey-Gay Cooking?

He has packed the small box with his knives and measuring spoons and a few books.

Pops in Producer then.

“Why did you pack? Did I tell you to?” She seems angry, as if he didn’t wait for her solid final word.”

Then she holds up *Variety*: FEY GAY COOKING SHOWS REBOUND.

“Might wanna add to that dinky box for a new two-year run!”

Complains to longtime girl bud, Mary Kane, that evening.

Who told him we let others decide! “Our story!--though got a job again at any rate.”

“Fey? Do you see fey in me?”

“Nope. I see--excuse the expression--masculine. And down-home funny!”

“And gay?”

“One out of two ain’t bad!”

“Am I to show a lot of ballpark food, so I’m not over-poopy-precious?”

“Good! Patent some greasy horror and get rich! Then fey, not fey? Who gives a shit? Above the battle so with do-re-me!”

“Never. Sadly, never.”

“Oh well! They tootle, we dance! So WHAT? You’re still yourself!”

“And that’s not much!”

“Your pals gratefully take it!”